

## New York Tribune.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1913.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation. Organ M. Reid, President; Conde Hamlin, Secretary; James M. Barrett, Treasurer. Address: Tribune Building, No. 154 Nassau street, New York.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.  
Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$ 7.50 Daily only, 6 months...\$3.00  
Daily and Sunday, 6 mos. 4.25 Daily only, 1 year... 6.00  
Daily and Sunday, 1 year 8.50 Sunday only, 6 months... 1.25  
Daily only, 1 month... 30 Sunday only, 1 year... 2.50

**FOREIGN RATES.**—Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$15.00 One year... 18.00  
Daily only, 6 months... 8.50  
Daily only, 1 year... 12.00  
Daily only, 1 month... 1.02  
Daily only, 6 months... 6.09  
Daily only, 1 year... 8.50  
Daily only, 1 month... 1.25  
Daily only, 6 months... 6.09  
Daily only, 1 year... 8.50

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter.

## The President at Gettysburg.

Most Presidents make speeches at Gettysburg sooner or later, but few do so without reluctance. In common with all other statesmen and orators of the later generation, they feel handicapped by the inevitable comparison in form and substance of what they have to say with what Lincoln said. The standard set by him is still unapproachable, and is likely to remain so as long as the memory of Gettysburg lasts.

President Wilson is himself an orator and phrase maker of more than ordinary distinction. He has discretion as well as felicity, and it is an evidence of his restraint and judgment that he tried to make his speech at Gettysburg yesterday as unpretentious as possible. In its informality it struck the appropriate note, and in at least one sentence it summarized the greatest work, next to saving it, done for the nation by the Civil War. Said Mr. Wilson: "I have in mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great nation."

Our real problems as a nation and as a democracy could not be worked out while the two sections faced each other in suspicion or enmity or while the unquenched passions of the Civil War still held them apart. From Van Buren's day to McKinley's sectionalism hung like a dead weight about the country's neck and men thought not of a common progress, but only of pushing forward one section and holding back another.

That long period of working at cross purposes has now come to an end, and it was to testify to the fact that it had completely ended, so far as the participants in the war were concerned, that the Gettysburg reunion was conceived and held. The true significance of the exercises of the past week is that the mission of those who fought has now been absolutely fulfilled and that the nation can go ahead unitedly to work out the problems of its life.

## On the Danger of Being Too Wise.

It was an amusing point in President Wilson's quiet cruise down the Potomac that no one recognized the President of the United States except a little twelve-year-old girl, Catherine Shields by name. Mr. Wilson chatted with a dozen people in Yorktown, saw all the sights with thoroughness, and during one visit stood directly under a campaign picture of himself. Yet neither the Sheriff nor any other of the town's celebrities realized who was confronting them, though his face is undoubtedly the best known in all the country today.

That such things can happen, and happen to the most intelligent observers at any time, seems to be due to a sort of overcaution in our mental processes. It is the pity of civilization that it destroys much of that limpid, vivid first impression which is the best part of childhood. Instead of recording clear colors and sharp outlines and going on to simple vivid associations, we take all but the most stirring events in a blur of countless memories and reflections and swift faraway thoughts. If a simple obvious thought bobs up—as, for instance, that the man we are talking to is amazingly like the President of the United States—it is immediately overborne by a hundred wise ideas flatly contradicting the first impression.

Are not most Americans, as a race, too "wise" as the slang use has it? It is, perhaps, not possible for men to trust their quick observations to the extent that women do. But there is surely no need of losing all the pleasure and truth that come from vivid sense impressions. Why not learn from Miss Catherine Shields, of Yorktown, the importance of not knowing too much?

## Better Treatment of Foreigners.

The inclination to "have a far brick" at every man suspected of being a foreigner is not so general in this country as Mr. Punch once suggested it to be along the London water-side, but there have at times been outbreaks of animosity toward certain classes of aliens sufficient to give point to the treaty which has just been ratified between the United States and Italy.

It is a long step forward in international relations to give the subjects or citizens of a foreign state, who may never so much as have visited this country, the same rights in our courts as our own citizens. The right is, of course, reciprocal, but for obvious reasons it is likely to be exercised by Italians much more frequently than by Americans. That it will be abused we do not fear. Our courts are surely to be trusted to prevent that.

Probably the most important result will be to make municipal and state authorities more scrupulous and efficient in safeguarding aliens. If so, that will be a great gain.

## A Barbarous Tax.

The Pennsylvania Legislature dropped back into economic barbarism when it recently imposed an internal revenue tax of 2½ per cent on the value at the mine of anthracite coal. That is one of the unfair and most oppressive taxes possible. It will be shifted by the producer, with interest, upon the consumers, among whom the smallest and poorest will have to pay the largest share relatively.

It is inequitable to put a consumption tax, with no view to protecting domestic labor or stimulating domestic industry, on a necessary of life, the cost of which will be increased in geometrical ratio to the smaller purchasers. Moreover, it is against the interest of the community to handicap the use of a valuable source of heat and power. The cheaper that power is and the freer its employment the more efficient the community becomes as a producer of wealth and comforts. It would be just about as sensible to put a tax per foot pound on the water with which mills and factories are operated, thus artificially diminishing the value of the gifts which nature has bestowed upon us.

Possibly what influenced the Pennsylvania Legislature was the notion that coal consumers outside the state could thus be compelled to contribute some-

thing to the state's revenues. But that is an unworthy and narrow view. The federal Constitution intended to prohibit that sort of thing when it forbade any state to lay a tax on imports or exports without the consent of Congress. If the anthracite tax is really an export tax, the money raised by it ought to go into the federal Treasury. Even if it is not, technically speaking, an export tax, it is an economically indefensible attempt to burden production and increase the already pinching cost of living.

## A Lawyer with a Heart.

A gentle investigator is Deputy Attorney General Kellogg, who has been chosen to present the case against Justice Cohan before the legislative committee. The word "conspiracy" he thought too harsh to describe the alleged dealings of the justice with Connolly. Even "unlawful agreement" hurt his sensitive soul. Agreement he felt to be as far as he could go, and so agreement it is.

Nothing since everybody in the Senate wept over Stilwell has revealed so well how tender hearted is the dispensation at Albany as this careful picking of a word that would not wound by the kindest of Attorneys General. They carry their hearts upon their coat sleeves, these Murphy statesmen, and in their pockets they have a dozen fresh laundered handkerchiefs to dry their tears.

If the world were not unfeeling it would avert its gaze as they went sadly to their cruel task of listening to the evidence against the accused justice, which lachrymose counsel has done his best to lighten for them.

## The Denatured Bargemen of the British Isles.

In the noble company of fishwives, golfers, longshoremen, troopers and second mates, long famed in song and story for their elaborate and artistic profanity, the "bargemen" of Britain have held high rank. If therefore comes as a rude shock to learn that "sixty-seven bargemen who navigate the waterway between Sittingbourne and the River Medway" have formed themselves into a brotherhood "pledged to endeavor not to swear."

Success in the endeavor is only intermittent thus far. But the movement is on, and some day these excellent fellows may achieve the same high standard of punctilious and proper speech which Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., required of the sailors of H. M. S. Pininfare.

Then what may not follow! The Paris cabmen may take to kissing one another from their seats—on both cheeks, in the best Continental fashion. Our own army mule drivers may teach their charges a new vocabulary. Even the New York City truckman might conceivably sacrifice some of the vigor of his vocabulary to the wave of reform.

Thus profanity would cease to be a class practice and would find itself confined to the lips of those few accomplished souls who, without regard to occupation or walk of life, swear by nature and through an inborn gift. Which seems quite a sensible conclusion, after all. Swearing by custom or through habit is a foolish waste of time ill fitted to an advancing age.

## Sunday Baseball.

According to Attorney General Carmody's opinion Sunday baseball games cannot be played with the public present, even though the spectators are invited and no fee of admission is charged, and even though the game is held in an unsettled place where the peace of the day is not disturbed. This is an absurd interference with the reasonable use of the day.

So, too, we believe there is no public sentiment to sustain a restriction which prevents the playing, under suitable conditions, of a baseball game on Sunday whose proceeds go to charity, like the proposed game for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home, which had to be called off because it was held that the law prohibited it. Indeed, a precisely similar game, for the benefit of the Titanic victims, was played a year ago with the general approval of the community.

Certain sports on Sunday, conducted so as not to interfere with the day's peace, contribute to the health of and make for good morals in the community. They are almost as much necessities in their way as some of the Sunday activities which the law recognizes and permits.

## The American Defeat at Wimbledon.

After the brilliant successes of young McLaughlin in the earlier rounds of the all-England tennis, his defeat by Wilding, of New Zealand, in straight sets comes as a disappointment and a surprise. English followers of the sport had quite resigned themselves to seeing the championship cross the water. But at the last the steadiness and skill of a veteran proved too much for a young challenger.

The victory raises again the old question of the justice of not requiring a champion to play through a tournament. Here in America, after long debate, the old rule has been abandoned. At Newport the champion now plays through on an equality with every other player. The McLaughlin-Wilding match bears a close resemblance to a long list of matches played at Newport under the old rule, when a tried challenger, gone stale through forcing himself to the limit in earlier matches, fell far below his true form upon facing a fresh and unharmed champion.

There can be no question of Wilding's mastery of the game. Playing at the top of his form as he was yesterday, he is undoubtedly very close to McLaughlin even at the latter's brilliant best. Had the two met in an earlier match of the tournament there would have been a fight worth going miles to see.

And now for the Davis cup. A long, hard struggle is before the American team. But its chances are excellent. It is part of the delightful, indomitable spirit of McLaughlin not to be cast down by defeat—and he certainly has no reason to be after his brilliant successes against the best of England, generally supposed to be playing even beyond Wilding, the champion, as a matter of fact. Youth failed in a desperately long trial at Wimbledon. It may yet win in the Davis cup contests, where, too, the veteran Hackett will have a chance to advise and help.

## Who Shall Lead Through Panama?

The suggestion that a Spanish ship should be invited to make the first passage through the Panama Canal is novel and courteous, and is instinct with a certain historical and sentimental fitness which will probably make a strong appeal to thoughtful minds.

We have hitherto repeatedly called attention to the interesting circumstance that the completion of the canal will practically coincide with the four-hundredth anniversary of the first crossing of the isthmus by a European. It would have been felicitous, had it been practicable, to arrange for sending the first vessel through from Colon to Balboa on that exact date, St. Michael's Day. In the absence of that achievement, however, there certainly should be

some special honor paid to the memory of the famous discoverer in connection with the opening of the canal, and it would be difficult to devise one more appropriate than that which is now proposed.

Some say that Balboa carried his caravels overland to the Pacific; others that he built them at Panama. In either case, his were the first keels that ploughed Pacific waters. It would be a graceful and appropriate thing to have a replica of one of those ships, under the old flag of Leon and Castile, first of all traverse the canal from the Caribbean to the Pacific.

"Murphy hasn't got sense enough to come in out of the rain," says Governor Sulzer. Maybe not, but he carries a fine large political umbrella.

This talk about impersonation at the telephone ought to hasten the perfection of the much-promised device which is to enable the user of a telephone to see the person with whom he is talking.

## AS I WAS SAYING

Plague take those "hundred best books for summer reading"! We cling to Shakespeare—so timely he is and, come to think of it, so natural. Just the boy for the hotel piazza, the bungalow, the hammock, the canoe! Honestly, now, could anything be more summary than these lines from his famous "Mosquito Chorus"?—

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little lives  
Are rounded with a sleep!

When we dropped a word in praise of Welsh, the other day, we little imagined the neighbors would so soon be writing headlines in that tongue. Example:

JAPANESE SENDS NE WNOTE.

That chronic hair's-breadth-escaper, Mr. Walter Savage Landor, has enjoyed simply infernal discomfort in the backwoods of Brazil, and is preparing to crow.

Oh, shame, shame! Guess Stefansson was right when he called adventure a dire and snivelling disgrace, since your competent explorer goes forearmed, as well as forewarned, and nips adventure in the bud.

It is wonderful, the precautions explorers will take, at a pinch. We know a devil of a fellow who crossed the wilds of forbidden Asia, and wrote it all up in a blood-curdling diary, since published. Prudent? Well rather! While crossing forbidden Asia, he was so morbidly cautious that he never once stirred outside the Newark Public Library.

We rise to object. Not all those Blue-and-Gray skyarks can alter our opinion of Gettysburg. As before, we consider it darned regrettable.

"Faith," says a dear infant in "The Washington Star," "is believing what you know isn't so," but we prefer the standard definition: "Dropping a little nickel in the contribution box and expecting a crown of pure gold."

Seems that faith has its humors—properly enough, since a Rock of Gibraltar can take a joke and not whimper—so we are emboldened to tell on the charming Catholic who said to us: "You ask about the infallibility of the Pope. Well, that is a thing we unfortunately have to believe."

We laughed, though not unsympathetically, for we suspect our own faith is funny—to an outsider. But what of that? So is our logic, maybe—especially to those intelligent, widely informed outsiders, the blessed angels.

And it strikes us that people who try to poke along without faith are apt to catch it severely. Here, for instance, comes a local philosopher complaining that folks have fallen into the habit of "chewing things over in their minds after going to bed." True, and the reason is simple. They have no faith. It was a very distinguished physician who remarked, the other day: "Want a cure for insomnia? Say your prayers."

Well, well! Didn't we foresee "the outbreak of a sanguinary Peace," and aren't the Balkans all soppy with it? Sorry, yet the case is not without its hilarities. How the Bulgars did scream for intervention the minute their onslaught on Serbia and Greece seemed a trifle ill judged! So like the celebrated under dog in the street fight, who shouted: "Separate us! Separate us! Can't you see we're killing each other?"

An additional fly fancier has come out in print, and investors will be quick to read the signs of the times. What with doctors and housewives in battle array, the supply of flies is shrinking, while the demand for them increases daily. Next you know the little fifth carriers will be regarded as the only true chaperons of health and felicity. Buy flies. Buy now, while flies are cheap. To-morrow the price will stagger humanity.

Meanwhile the compliments of the season to those great and good men who are defending the fly—of which we wish them many happy returns!

How beautiful upon the front porch are the feet of her that bringeth ice cream at eventide! And how like to nothing else is the sound of the ice cream scamper! It has in it all the passion of a fluttering heart—dear, neighborly affection; terror lest the precious pink lump melt in transit; enraptured expectation of gratitude well earned; the consciousness of ethical perfection; the wild, though gentle, enthusiasm which is surpassed only by a living thing that has set on a tack.

Happy the tribe that has learned to recognize the first glad footfall of the ice cream scamper. Up! Haste ye! There is not a moment to be lost!

When the story arrived that the English Robert Bridges had been made Poet Laureate, you, of course, saw the blunder behind it. We have an admirable poet of that name here in New York, and you know how blandly England appropriates American achievements in literature. "What beastly magazines you Americans have!" a Londoner once said to us. "Why don't you turn out something good, like our 'Scribner' and 'Century' and 'Harper'?"

Now, while the English poet has profited by a lucky similarity of names, we are convinced that he must be a first rate celebrity on his own account. Fact beyond question! As in the case of that dazling, globe-famous, household-wordy songster, Mr. Alfred Noyes, who ever heard of him?

This explains why such multitudes of Englishmen take to poetry. Though shy, sensitive and retiring, they thirst for fame, and in what other profession can it be enjoyed so secretly?

## PROBABLY NOT MUCH NEARER.

From The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.  
Robert E. Lee, of Pottsville, member of Congress from the 12th District, is being groomed for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. He has an idea he can get nearer to the state capital than the other Robert E. Lee did fifty years ago.

## A COLLEGE BRED HEN.

From The Portland Oregonian.  
A college hen, which laid ninety-nine eggs in one hundred days and observed commencement day by taking a single day's vacation, is a new claimant for prominence in the chicken world. The newly hatched layer is three-quarters White Leghorn and one-quarter Barred Plymouth Rock, descending from several generations of heavy layers bred at the Oregon Agricultural College Experiment Station.

## M'LOUGHLIN.



UNCLE SAM—I'm proud of you, anyway!  
JOHN BULL—Hear! Hear!

## THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for  
Public Debate

## WHO OPPOSES SUFFRAGE?

No Particular Class Save the Liquor  
Interests, Says a Reader.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I cannot quite agree with all the statements of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association in your issue of Saturday, especially not with the idea that the "upper class" and the "lowest of the low" are working for the defeat of woman suffrage, although that may be the case in Michigan.

There is no question that the "liquor interests" everywhere and in all nations are working for its defeat, as none know better than they the misery that liquor brings into the home and the unhappiness that women have endured because of it.

But as to the "upper class" being opposed to suffrage, it seems to me the "upper class" in this country is the highly educated class, and as a class they certainly are not opposed to it.

Even the militants in England have in their ranks women of title and high station. Miss Davidson and Mrs. Pankhurst, the "martyrs," were both highly educated, and I think I have read of one duchess, at least, some of whose effects are annually being sold for taxes because she refuses to pay them without representation.

What is rapidly making a suffragist of me, however, is the poor opinion that the anti have of womanhood. I cannot imagine what sort of young married people they have in the circle of their acquaintance if they can believe that anything would make them neglect their children. The fathers and mothers who neglect their children and whose names get into the newspapers are in the infinitesimal minority; otherwise the country would go to destruction.

It is the same in the cases of the divorced and divorcees. From my observation—which is that of an unprejudiced old maid, with a number of young married relations and friends—nothing could divorce them from devotion to their little ones.

"Daddy's dear little daughter" is, next her mother, the most precious thing in his life. For them he works all day and shares the vigils of the night, and in the perspective of after years looks upon those when the children were little—as the happiest of his life. As for the young mother—all the jolly little dances, picnics and card parties of prenuptial days are relegated to the time when the babies shall be "out of hand." She is looking out for the noxious "germ," watching to correct any disorder in the small digestive organs and guarding her own diet that the nourishment she gives may be the very best to strengthen the little one.

If she had a vote she would probably go out to deposit it while baby was taking his nap and a kindly neighbor watching over the little household, but as for being active in politics, with all the multifarious duties of young motherhood and wifehood it would be doing violence to the strongest instincts of her nature.

But there comes a time when the children are "out of hand," when the boys are at work or in college, and the girls "running" the household in preparation for the care of their own when they have them.

The mother is in the prime of her life and her cup is full of experience. It is then she takes up her civic duties. All over the land she is engaged in charitable work—on the executive boards of institutions and settlements—managing the missionary work of her church, starting all sorts of beneficent things and not at all neglecting her home or the social side of life if she is a woman of means. And in all this, as far as my observation goes, her husband "backs her up." I am proud to have her useful in these ways,

and puts his hand in his pocket to further the projects she is interested in.

These women in their charitable work come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men and of women, the humanitarian side of politics especially appeals to them, and they long to lend a hand when they are "up against" things that they are powerless to remedy. It is for this reason that I cannot agree that it is the "upper class" that are opposed to suffrage. Women in all classes are opposed to it and women in all classes are in favor of it. It is just the point of view of each woman that influences her.

HENRIETTA M. NOBLE.

Jenkintown, Penn., June 30, 1913.

## THAT FRATERNITY PROBLEM

A Member of Alpha Delta Phi Defends the Action Taken.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As reported in your paper of yesterday, Dr. Howard S. Bliss, of Beirut, took occasion in Plymouth Church, the day before to add his mile to the censure which has been so freely passed upon the action of Alpha Delta Phi in revoking the charter of its Manhattan chapter.

He is a good Alpha Delta; so am I. May I ask if the good doctor or any other of these critics has reliable information from the authorities of the fraternity on the conditions and causes which justified the action in the case? So far as I have seen these hasty judgments have been based solely on published reports which are manifestly one-sided.

We have been given in the public press only the partisan statement in a very meagre quotation of the supposed basis of the fraternity action. As a member of that fraternity for over fifty-two years, knowing something of its spirit, purposes and work, I venture the assertion that revoking the charter of the Manhattan chapter was to keep the fraternity up to the high ideals, principles and purposes on which it was founded. Until I hear from the inside authority to the contrary I shall think this. A weak link in a chain weakens the whole chain.

It is not a new or unheard of thing to revoke the charter of a local chapter of a Greek letter society. When in an Alpha Delta Phi convention in my college days, we discussed very earnestly the matter of revoking the charter of a chapter in one of the foremost of New England colleges. The chapter in question was reported not to be measuring up to the ideals nor carrying out the high aims of the fraternity.

A pertinent case now comes to mind. In my college days another Greek letter fraternity had been unfortunate in the men taken into the local chapter for two succeeding years. That element, which became the dominant one in the chapter, woefully perverted the aims and character of the chapter. Result, a few of its members, faithful to their fraternity obligations petitioned for the recall of their charter, which petition was granted. Another Greek letter society in the College of the City of New York—besides Alpha Delta Phi, I understand, deemed they had sufficient reason to recall the charter of their chapter in the college, and did so.

Now, as to the intimation of Dr. Bliss and others so widely published, that Alpha Delta Phi is anti-Jewish, nothing could be further from the truth. I deprecate that this point has been raised by the critics of this great college fraternity. There is no rule nor bylaw of this society militating against that race or any other. On the other hand, in my old college, Wesleyan University, in my day there, we took a Jew from an entering class and made a good, loyal Alpha

Delta of him, and would do it again if he were the right man.

So, if the good doctor will allow me to say it, Alpha Delta Phi is not hindering the solution "of the great problems which confront us nationally" by so many nationalities which we are to assimilate.

GEORGE L. THOMPSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 1, 1913.

## THOSE MIDNIGHT BELLS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Inspired by the midnight tolling of church bells ushering in the Fourth of July in the little Massachusetts hamlet of Tyringham, I suggested to Mayor Gaynor and the New York City Fourth of July Committee that the church bells and chimes be rung this year in New York City, and my suggestion was adopted. I have received letters of thanks from members of the executive committee, and am glad that an inexpensive and beautiful number will be added to the programme of the city's safe and sane celebration.

ALEXANDER H. ZERNAN.

Tyringham, Mass., July 3, 1913.

## THE TALK OF THE DAY.

A New York physician, in answer to an inquiry from a friend as to what kind of water to drink in the heated season, said: "We all know about the ill results from the use of bad water, but fear on that score has gone too far. People have become panicky. They ask all sorts of questions before taking a drink of water, and I have seen otherwise sensible men and women go thirsty because they could not get a particular brand of water. In our family we drink lots of water, and it is all plain filtered Croton, and I don't brag much about the filter. We are all very well, thank you."

"They say genius is a disease," remarked Stilwell.

"Well, I wouldn't worry," replied the Grouch. "You look perfectly healthy."—Philadelphia Record.

Two opinions as to the "job" of Governor. On a train for Albany just before the Republican convention. A Tribune man to Governor Roosevelt: "Well, Governor, I hope to see you nominated as Vice-President." "Don't want it. I like my job and I'm getting a good run for my money." On the field at Gettysburg. A Tribune man to Governor Sulzer: "Would you take the nomination for Mayor of New York?" "Not if all parties joined in asking me. I'm having too much fun in the job I've got."

"The rich lady next door is very gracious of late."

"I know the symptoms. She is going away for the summer, and hopes to jolly us into entertaining her cat while she is away."—Washington Herald.

"Death by misadventure" was the verdict of the jury which investigated the case of Dr. G. H. Dabbs, who died recently in Westminster, England. A painful ailment caused the patient to use chloroform. He kept a diary of his sufferings and of the occurrences of the last hours of his life. He was his own patient. One of the entries contained the statement, "I won't funk," and on another day he wrote: "I do so want to live—the world is so full of life and interest." The notes recorded the fact that he had avoided the use of morphine and persisted in the use of chloroform.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," said the justice, as he fined Bildad for exceeding the speed limit.

"Not around here it ain't!" retorted Bildad. "I never saw such mushy roads in all my life."

"Ten dollars extort for contempt of court," said the justice.

"Why, I haven't said anything about you, judge," protested Bildad.

"Yes, ye hev," retorted the justice. "I'm road commissioner here as well as justice of the peace."—Harper's Weekly.